

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 53—No. 48.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY.** The Programme will include: Concert Overture in E (Wingham), first time at these Concerts; "Sinfonia Eroica" (Beethoven); Organ Concerto in F, No. 4 (Handel)—orchestration and cadences by M. Mortier de Fontaine, first time; Overture, *Tannhauser* (Wagner). Vocalists—Mdlle Carlotta Badia, Mdlle Antonietta Badia, Mr Edward Lloyd. Pianoforte—M. Mortier de Fontaine. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Numbered stalls, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Admission to Palace, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket. After the Concert, the Prizes of the London Rifle Brigade will be presented by the Lady Mayores, in the presence of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and other distinguished visitors.

**ALEXANDRA PALACE.—SIXTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT, SATURDAY, December 4th.** HANDEL'S "MESSIAH." Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Palmer, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli. Increased Orchestra and Choir. Conductor—Mr H. WEIST HILL. Reserved seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s. Admission, One Shilling.

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## "DREAMS OF HOME."

**MISS ENRIQUEZ** will sing REICHARDT'S admired Song, "DREAMS OF HOME" (Poetry by W. HENDERSON), at the Scotch Ballad Concert, St James's Hall, Nov. 30th.

## "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

**MR WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at the Alexandra Palace Evening Concert, Dec. 1st.

## "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

**MR WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Brighton, Dec. 5th; and at Brighton, Dec. 13th and 16th.

## "I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN."

**MR WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his new and successful Ballad, "I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN," at Brighton, Dec. 14th.

## "COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE."

**MR WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his Ballad, "COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE," at Brighton, Dec. 17th.

## "I MARINARI"—("THE MARINERS").

**MISS SAIDIE SINGLETON, Mr EDWARD LLOYD,** and **SIGNOR FOLI** will sing HANDEGGER'S admired Trio, "I MARINARI" ("THE MARINERS"), at Brighton, on Wednesday Evening next.

## "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

**MR EDWARD LLOYD** will sing ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Brighton, on Wednesday Evening next.

**MR W. H. HOLMES** (Pianoforte) will perform "LA CONSOLAZIONE" (DUSSEK), at his First Concert, Dec. 23.—36, Beaumont Street, Marylebone.

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**HERR SCHUBERTH** begs to announce that he will return from the Continent on the 18th December. All letters to be addressed, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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The Alpine Hunter.  
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The Buckles on her Shoes.  
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## Ominous.

## GREGORIAN FESTIVAL.

(From the "Richmond and Twickenham Times," November 20.)

One of the most remarkable services that has ever taken place at the Richmond parish church was the Gregorian festival, on Thursday evening last week. The introduction, or rather the revival of Gregorian music in the Established Church of this country has been watched with great interest both by friends and foes, and this gave an unusual importance to the festival. Centuries ago the Catholic Church, including its English branch, had a kind of plain song or chant for every part of divine service when rendered chorally, and in England, as well as other parts of the Western Church, the system which prevailed was called the Gregorian Chant (*Cantus Gregorianus*), from St Gregory the Great, who was Patriarch of Rome at the end of the sixth century. It must not be implied from the name that all the music of this system was composed by St Gregory, for a considerable portion of it is known to have been contributed in later ages, while there can be but little doubt that the Gregorian chants for the Psalms were derived from those used by the Jews of old. The chants of the versicles and responses and the monotone of the collects have been retained in our cathedral and collegiate churches to the present day, and several of the Psalm chants were in daily use at least down to the time of the Great Rebellion. Various causes have been assigned for their falling out of use, most prominent among them being the preference for music in harmony, and the light, and some think, improved taste in music which prevailed after the Restoration. The plain song of the Holy Communion and a number of Gregorian hymn tunes had never, till of late years, being set to English words, though perfectly capable of such adaptation. The London Gregorian Choral Association, under whose auspices the festival at Richmond was given, have already succeeded in spreading a taste for this kind of music, and, whilst holding the principle that modern tunes are adaptable to modern hymns, they seek to promote the use of the ancient tunes, tones, or music of the Church, to her ancient songs and hymns. The festival of which we now have to speak was the last of a series of four which have been arranged to be held in various churches in London preparatory to the grand festival service which the association hopes to celebrate in the spring of next year. By the consent of the churchwardens, the whole of the seats in the church were thrown open, and before the service commenced they were fully occupied. The choirs who took part in the service were those of St Mary Magdalene, Richmond; St Mary the Virgin, Soho; St John the Evangelist, Hammersmith; St Matthias, Stoke Newington; St Stephen, Lewisham; Selhurst; St Mary Magdalene, Paddington; St Ambrose, Paddington; St Barnabas, Rotherhithe; St Peter, Bethnal Green; St Agatha, Finsbury; Christ Church, Endell Street; St Agatha, Beckenham; and St Gabriel, Newington. The procession entered the church in the following order:—

Processional Cross.  
Boys of the Plain-song Choir.  
Boys of the Harmony Choir.  
Banner of the Cross.  
Band.  
Men of the Plain-song Choir.  
Banner of the Cross.  
Men of the Harmony Choir.  
Banner of St John the Evangelist, Hammersmith.  
Cantors.  
Lay Reader.  
The Clergy.  
The Vicar.  
Banner of St Mary Magdalene.  
THE BISHOP.

Mr C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Bac., presided at the organ, and, in addition to this, there was the band mentioned above, consisting of four brass instruments. The music for the festival was selected with great care, and the way in which it was rendered reflected credit not only on the choirs who sang, but also on Mr. Warwick Jordan, who is the honorary organist of the association, and who personally conducted the rehearsals for the service. The processional canticle was *Benedicite Omnia Opera*, set to the well-known 1st ending of the 5th tone; and, as the tone was one to

which the congregation of the parish church are well accustomed, it was immediately taken up with spirit by those in the church. The versicles and responses were a harmonised adaptation from the Mecklin *Recitatorium* and *Processionale Parvum*. The plain-song or melody was sung by the choirs in the body of the church, and the accompanying harmonies by those in the chancel. The Proper Psalms were xxix., xlv., and cxxxiv., sung to the 5th, 8th, and 3rd tones respectively. The Psalms were sung in unison throughout, the boys and men taking alternate verses, but the *Glorias* were in four-part harmony, the plain-song being in the tenor in the last verses. The *Magnificat* was an elaborate setting of the *Tonus Peregrinus* with the festival intonation, harmonised by the great composer Bach in the *Vierstimmige Choralgesänge*, and, after the *Te Deum*, was undoubtedly the most difficult piece of music in the service-book. The variation in the voices was particularly pleasing in this canticle, some verses being sung by the harmony choir only, others by all the choirs in unison, others again by the boys, and others by the men only. The band also assisted, with magnificent effect, and many sat down at the conclusion of the *Magnificat* with the conviction that for grandeur of effect Gregorian music is unsurpassed. The *Nunc Dimittis* was set to the 1st tone, 4th ending, harmonised by W. H. Monk, the musical editor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. This chant, subdued and almost plaintive in its character, was sung very sweetly by the choirs, the contrast from the swell of the organ, combined with the band and voices in the preceding canticle, being peculiarly impressive. The anthem was the only piece of modern music in the service-book, the composer being Dr Stainer. It was sung by all the choirs, accompanied by the band and organ with precision and effect. The hymn before the sermon, "Lucis Creator Optime," from the *Salisbury Hymnal*, was sung in unison by boys and men in alternate verses. The gem of the service-book, however, was generally considered to be the hymn after the sermon, "Jesu Dulcis Memoria." This hymn, called the Jubilus of St Bernard, and known to mediæval writers as the "Rosy Hymn," was sung to a most beautiful sequence from the *Salisbury Gradual*. The melody, although varied in every verse, preserved its identity to the end; and, while listening to the hymn, it was difficult to believe that the music should have been composed hundreds of years ago for the English Church, and yet should have passed into obscurity in these modern times. The *Te Deum*, sung after the Benediction had been given by the Bishop, was a very strict Gregorian composition. The arrangement was an adaptation from the *York Processional* of an old English form of the original melody. The alternate verses were sung by the harmony choir, the other verses being taken by both choirs in unison. We can understand that the *Te Deum* might be found too severe for any who may have heard it on this occasion for the first time. We were assured, however, that a more intimate knowledge of the music would soon overcome any possible objections from ordinary critics of church music. The service was concluded by two recessional hymns—viz., "There is a blessed home," sung to the melody *Anne Christs* from *La Feillée*, and the well-known *Urbs Beata Hierusalem*, the latter printed for use at this the last of the four great autumn Gregorian festivals.

(To be continued.)

## Reminiscences of a Gourmet.

HOTEL DE RUSSIE.  
(DREXEL FRÈRES.)

MENU.  
1 heure.  
Consommé aux Croutons.  
Turbot Saïe Maximilien.  
Roastbeef à la Flamande.  
Vole-au-vent marinière.  
Haricots verts.  
Poulets rôtis.  
Salade.  
Pouding à la Reine.  
Fraises de Mirabelles.  
Dessert.

Frankfort, 9/M. 13 Aout 1875.

## HOTEL JUNGFRAUBLICK.

## MENU.

Consommé au Vermicelle.  
Filet de brochet à la Orly.  
Gigot de Mouton à la Piemontaise.  
Tête de veau frite.  
Pigeons aux champignons.  
Épinards aux croutons.  
Chapons du Mans.  
Salade.  
Pouding à la Victoria.  
Pâtisserie.  
Desserts divers.

Interlachen. 29 Aout 1868.

MILAN.—*Der Freischütz* has been performed at the Teatro Carcano, but so disfigured by cuts and alterations as to be scarcely recognisable. The principal characters were sustained by Signore Blume, Bardelli, Signori Atry and Cornago.



## HOME MUSIC—AS IT IS, AND AS IT MIGHT BE.

(From the "Leisure Hour.")

(Concluded from page 781.)

## II.

With regard to the second part of our title, "Home music as it might be," let us adopt, as our leading maxim, that the violin is as much an instrument for girls as the pianoforte, and abolish the absurd notion that there is anything fast or forward in a violin-playing lady. Fast and forward it may be to adopt the slang, the smoking, and other bad habits of the other sex; but there is nothing more blameworthy in a girl's learning the violin, than in her working a telegraph, or exercising any other rational occupation which it has been the custom to consider, though without just grounds, the exclusive property of men. As an instrument, the violin is, in fact, more suitable for girls than boys, requiring as it does, in a higher degree than any other, that delicacy of manipulation, that careful attention to matters of detail, and that neatness of execution with which a girl is naturally endowed more liberally than a boy. The brothers will take to the violoncello if the sisters will only learn the violin and viola, and then what a feast of music is opened as soon as a moderate progress is made. Haydn wrote eighty-three string quartets, and Mozart twenty-seven, few of which require any exceptional degree of skill to play, and all of which might be compassed with half the labour and five times the effect bestowed on and gained from the senseless pearl and diamond style of modern piano music. Necessarily requiring a deeper knowledge and sound contrapuntal skill, quartet-writing could not fall into the hands of those who write down to the capacities, and so vitiate the tastes of the learner. It is objected with much bitterness that beginners on the violin incommode the household with scraping. Granted; but the scraping never lasts longer than a few months at the most; the violinist soon gets a firm tone, while on the piano, even with a great artist, the discordant exercises and thumping scales are an unceasing bugbear to dwellers in the same house.

The pianoforte, when music exists as it should be, will be for the most part relegated to its most becoming duty; that is, of supporting a song, or will appear almost as a new instrument in Mozart's and Beethoven's delicious quartets, quintets, and trios for piano and strings, where it forms a beautiful and unobtrusive groundwork for the more marked phrases of the stringed instruments, varied now and then by tasteful solo passages; or will be heard as a solo instrument in the sublime sonatas of Beethoven, and the tender "Lieder ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn, to a taste for which the habit of accompanying and listening to violin music cannot fail to pave the way.

The word "Classical," if approached through the lively string music of Haydn, soon loses its terrors. The father of modern music abounds in light gay melodies as pretty and fanciful as any of the present day, supported, moreover, by the most fascinating, and at the same time scientific harmonies. Haydn leads to the tender, pathetic Mozart, and Mozart, by a somewhat longer but still an easy step, to Beethoven, and classical becomes no longer synonymous with heavy. Played by an unsympathetic hand, Beethoven may sound dull; but, when approached by a cultivated taste, he has more beauties to show than any two other composers; while, as a master of the grand and sublime in music, always excepting Handel, he is absolutely incomparable.

Let it, then, be adopted as a rule, that one pianist in a household is sufficient, and that the extra talent, if any, shall be drafted to the violin; and then one family would soon be able to produce an entertainment as interesting if not so highly finished as the Popular Concerts.

With regard to the singing of the present day, the root of the evil is the ever-increasing neglect of the art of sight vocalization. Amateurs think it so much easier to learn each new song by ear, with the aid of the piano, than once for all to master the principles of vocalization. Even the singing-master, instead of going through a rigorous course of instruction with his pupils, lets them learn an air by thrumming it on the piano, and then gives few hints as to style, phrasing, and the management of the breath; putting on the roof, in fact, before the foundations are laid. It cannot be denied that solfeggi and interval practice are tedious and uninteresting even to those who have a natural taste

for the art, but yet every child in Germany makes a good sight-singer; and the plan which succeeds there would be perfectly feasible here. The school children there, although they cannot read music, and however young, have the notes before them, either on the black board or on paper, whenever they sing; so that a child singing by ear learns to identify certain progressions of sounds, with the corresponding series of printed notes, and with the help of a few explanations, soon recognizes and understands the whole principle without much necessity of interval practice. This is probably enough the way in which our forefathers learned the art in the days of Elizabeth, James, and the Charleses, when the glee, madrigal, and catch-book were to be found in use round the fire-side every winter's evening. When sight-singing becomes universal again, then will part-singing once more flourish in the domestic circle, for really good singers are never so anxious to be heard in solo pieces as those who have spent weeks in getting up a song, and are resolutely determined to let it off when an opportunity presents itself. At present, if we wish to hear one of Bennett's or Marenzio's evergreen madrigals, or Stevens' or Webbe's genial glees, we must pay a handsome price at a public concert, a pleasure that few of us can indulge in more than three or four times a year.

In conclusion, we would desire to impress it on our readers' minds that music can be made something more than a mere pastime; it can soothe and benefit the mind of a listener, more than one who is a stranger to the great masters can imagine, besides forming for its cultivator an intellectual, but at the same time always an interesting pursuit.

## ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

BY GIBBS GIBB GIBBS, Esq.

No. 19.

GASPARO PACCHIAROTTI was born in the Roman States about the year 1750. He began his musical career in 1770, at Palermo in Sicily. In 1772 he was the principal singer in the Theatre San Carlo at Naples, with De Amicis. In 1778 he came to England. Dr Burney says "that the natural tone of Pacchiarotti's voice was so interesting, sweet, and pathetic, that when he had a long note or *mezza di voce*, he (the doctor) never wished him to change it, or to do anything but swell, diminish, or prolong it, in whatever way he pleased." During his long residence in this country he was greatly admired for his voice, which was considered to be naturally most sweet and touching. He had a fine shake and exquisite taste, great fancy, and a divine expression in pathetic songs. The following anecdote is related of Pacchiarotti. During the performance at one of the first theatres of Rome in the *Artaxerxes*, of Metastasio, with the music of Bertoni, Pacchiarotti executed the part of Arbaces. At the famous judgment scene, in which the author had placed a short symphony after the words "*Eppur sono innocente*," the beauty of the situation, the music, and the expression of the singer had so enraptured the musicians, that Pacchiarotti perceived, after he had uttered these words, the orchestra did not proceed with the symphony. Displeased, he turned angrily to the leader, exclaiming, "What are you about!" The leader, as if awaking from a trance, sobbed out with great simplicity, "We are crying." In fact, not one of the performers had thought of the symphony, and all had their eyes, suffused with tears, fixed on the singer. Pacchiarotti continued principal singer at the opera till the commemoration of Handel in 1784. He then went to Italy, and afterwards lived in retirement at Padua.

GIOVANNI PAESIELLO was born at Tarento in the year 1741. His father was a veterinary surgeon, particularly distinguished in his art, being employed by the King of Naples, Charles II., during the war of Velletri.

(To be continued.)



## MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION.

(Continued from page 778.)

## BY-LAWS.

## ARTICLE IX.—(continued).

SECT. 11.—*Soirées*, given by professors of dancing—four hours or less—not extending beyond 1 o'clock A. M., 5 dols. For each additional hour, 1 dol. extra per man.

SECT. 12.—*Serenades*, not exceeding one hour, 5 dols.; every succeeding hour, 1 dol. extra per man.

SECT. 13.—*Parades*. All military and civic society parades, 6 dols. Company parades 5 dols. Public or holiday parades, 8 dols. Bands to be dismissed at the place of starting, by 7 P. M. Extra hours, 1 dol. per man. Limitation of time not to apply to parades called after 3 P. M. Battalion drills, same as promenade concerts.

SECT. 14.—*Meetings*, 5 dols.; with marching, 7 dols.

SECT. 15.—*Reception of Fire Companies*, 6 dols.; for each additional company, to play in and out of line, 1 dol. extra per man. Torchlight processions of fire companies, 7 dols.

SECT. 16.—*Dinners and Suppers*, the same as private parties. Commencements, 6 dols.

SECT. 17.—*Fairs*. One performance in the day or evening, 5 dols. Two performances—one in the afternoon and one in the evening, 9 dols. One week, or more, for one evening performance, 25 dols.; for two performances, afternoon and evening, 35 dols.

SECT. 18.—*Picnics*. All picnics, 7 dols., supper or no supper, not exceeding eight hours, counted from the time the music is ordered to be present. Every additional hour, 1 dol. extra per man. With procession, 2 dols. extra per man. All picnics, commencing after 4 P. M., if continued after 12 (midnight) to be charged as summer nights' festivals. All summer night festivals, from 8 P. M. to 4 A. M., 8 dols. per man. Every extra hour 1 dol. extra per man.

SECT. 19.—*Steamboat Excursions*. Commencing in the forenoon, until 7 P. M., 7 dols. Extra leaders to receive an additional 3 dols. Night excursions, commencing at 8 P. M. until 4 A. M., 8 dols. per man.

SECT. 20.—*Daily Excursions*. To the fishing banks, 3 dols.

SECT. 21.—*Target Excursions*. 6 dols.; with dancing, 2 dols. extra per man; to be dismissed by 7 P. M. in the city.

SECT. 22.—*Excursions*. Of military, fire companies, or civic associations, for three or more days, 7 dols. per day. Serenades, concerts and balls, connected therewith, to be charged extra.

SECT. 23.—*Funerals*. Regimental or battalion funerals, within the city limits, or to any of the city ferries, 6 dols.; to any of the cemeteries, 2 dols. extra per man. In Brooklyn, to the bridge in Hamilton avenue, or to Ninth street, and Fourth or Fifth avenues, 6 dols.; to Greenwood, 7 dols. per man. Company funerals, within the above limits, 4 dols.; to any of the cemeteries, or out of the above limits, 6 dols. per man. Funerals of civic societies, within the above limits, 4 dols.; to any of the cemeteries out of the above limits, 6 dols. per man.

SECT. 24.—*Leaders*. To charge double price, commencing from section 9. In the absence of the Leader, any one acting or attending to the Leader's duty, shall receive one-half of the Leader's pay extra.

SECT. 25.—*All Business* out of the city, Brooklyn, Jersey City, or Hoboken (within two miles from the ferries excepted,) shall be charged 2 dols. extra, or more, according to the time consumed, over and above all other charges or expenses mentioned in previous sections.

SECT. 26.—*It shall be deemed an Offence* for any Leader, or member, to take more than the number engaged or paid for, according to the price stipulated in this article. Any one committing such offence shall be fined the same as for violating Art. XI.

SECT. 27.—*Any Member of this Union*, accepting an engagement from another member, and disappointing him, shall be fined to the amount of the engagement.

SECT. 28.—That the celebration of New Year's, the 22nd of February, the 17th of March, the 4th of July, the 25th of November, the 25th of December, Thanksgiving day, and all other

public days, are considered holidays, and must be charged accordingly.

At the quarterly meeting held March 14th, 1872, the following resolution was amended and revised and unanimously adopted: *Resolved*, "That whenever a member, or members, of this Society have not been paid his or their just salary by the manager, managers, conductors, or agent, whether member or non-member of a theatre, opera or concert, he or they shall notify the Secretary of this Union thereof. The Secretary shall notify the members, and no member, after being duly informed of the case, shall accept or make any engagement with such manager, managers, conductor, or any agent of his or theirs until ALL claims of the complaining member or members are paid in full. Any member committing such an offence shall, when proved, be expelled by the Board of Directors, whose decision shall be final and binding. This resolution shall also be binding on all other branches of business, mentioned in Art. IX. Subject to Sec. 5, Art. XI."

SECT. 29. It shall be deemed an offence equal to a disappointment, and fined accordingly, for a member to take an engagement and send a substitute, without the consent of the person that engaged him.

SECT. 30. Should cases of emergency arise, or any business, the nature of which is not clearly specified in this price-list, the Board of Directors shall have power to regulate the same.

(To be continued.)

## ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The attraction and popularity of the great musical services, which are given from time to time in St Paul's Cathedral, was again proved on Monday night, when, the occasion being the Feast of St Cecilia, the College of Organists celebrated their annual festival. Every part of the building—choir, dome, transepts, and nave—was so early crowded that, long before the time for beginning, the gates had to be closed and admission refused to hundreds of applicants. In some measure this large and eager attendance may have been due to the announcement that an orchestra would take part, and also that Purcell's grand *Te Deum* would be performed. The arrangements for seating the choir and people were, as usual on these occasions, inefficient, and a good deal of delay and confusion took place before the 300 surprised singers found accommodation. This obstacle over, the order of Evening Service began. The special Psalms were chanted fairly well, considering the difficulty of obtaining precision from a large body of voices brought together, so to speak, accidentally, but the effect of the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* from Stainer's Service in A was simply ruined by the difference in pitch between the organ and the orchestral wind instruments. As the same cause worked out sad results upon Purcell's *Te Deum*, we trust that the College of Organists will seriously debate the question whether it is worth while in future to use a band with the organ on the terms in force last night. Last night the "king of instruments" asserted its power so much that the small orchestra was practically silenced, or only asserted itself to the annoyance of sensitive ears. The anthem, sung without accompaniment, to the immense relief of the hearers, was Croft's "God is gone up"—an example of English church music hardly worthy of the occasion, the less because it was robbed of the dignity its first and last movements should possess by being taken too fast. Before the sermon, preached by the Rev. Dr Barry, a hymn was sung with fine effect, and after it came the overture to Handel's *Occasional Oratorio*, the organ again domineering over the little orchestra with painful results. Finally Purcell's work was given according to the version of Dr Boyce, who not only corrected the imperfect early edition, but added, with questionable taste, oboes, bassoons, and drums to the composer's score. Much might be said of the *Te Deum*—of its dignity, of its—for the period when it was written—daring use of harmonic resources, and of the consummate style, which unites the breadth and power of Handel with the polyphonic yet expressive manner of Bach. But we must forbear, simply expressing a hope that the work will be taken up by some of those who cater for the concert room—Mr Manns, for instance—and so heard to its own advantage and the renown of its composer. The offertory was devoted to the benevolent fund of the college—an institution which thoroughly deserves the liberal assistance we trust it received. It should be added that Mr C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Bac., presided at the organ, the conductor being Mr E. H. Turpin.—D. T.

## BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The first of Mr Stockley's third series of "Orchestral Concerts" was fairly but not fully attended, and justified the remark that the Birmingham public requires the attraction of "stars" to ensure anything like financial success. True, the band, mainly composed of local professors, is far short of perfection, their opportunities for combined practice being, like angels' visits, "few, and far between;" but, were greater encouragement accorded to the spirited efforts of such caterers as Mr Stockley, concerts of a high-class character would be more frequently given, and a proportionate improvement expected. The most important feature in the programme on this occasion was Mendelssohn's incidental music to Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*; and, as the immortal bard was a Warwickshire man, and the equally immortal musician's fame is no less closely allied to the county, by his great work, *Elijah*, having been first introduced to the world at a Birmingham Festival, the "eternal fitness of things" could have hardly been more adequately celebrated. That the execution of this marvellous production of genius left much to be desired, on the score of delicacy and requisite attention to light and shade, cannot be denied, the absence of the first oboe, the defective intonation of the horns (notably in the *Notturno*), the substitution of cornets for trumpets (whereby the *Wedding March* suffered considerably), being all more or less drawbacks to the general effect. An overture by Suppé, entitled *Poet and Peasant*, consisting mainly of two waltz movements and a romance for violoncello (charmingly played by Herr Daubert), reminded me of a remark once made by that excellent musician, Molique, who, on hearing an overture named "Peace and War," observed, "Which was the peace and which was the war, I have not known." Sullivan's tuneful overture, "Di Ballo," written for the Birmingham Festival of 1870, and Mozart's overture to the *Clemenza di Tito*, were also included in the scheme, as was Handel's Concerto in F major (No. 4), for organ and full orchestra, the solo instrument being in the able hands of Mr Stimpson. Strange to say, this was the first time in the annals of Birmingham that an organ concerto has ever been heard in its entirety. Herr Daubert contributed Schumann's *Abendlied* for violoncello (exquisitely played), with the accompaniments by Herr Joachim, who has therein shown himself as thorough a master of orchestral resources as he is *facile princeps*, emperor indeed of the violin. Miss Blanche Cole was called back to receive the plaudits which followed her rendering of Gounod's *Ave Maria*, in which the violin and organ *obbligati* were ably sustained by Mr J. M. Abbott and Mr Stimpson respectively, the work (a false start allowed for) going, on the whole, fairly well. Mr Barton McGuckin, a new tenor, whose voice is more euphonious than his name, created a favourable impression in the recitative, "And God created man," and subsequent air, "In native worth," from Haydn's *Creation*; being later on encoined in Balfe's serenade "Good night, beloved." Mr McGuckin (who is said to hail from Manchester, but of Irish extraction) possesses an organ of good quality and compass, well worth cultivating, but at present somewhat crude and amateurish, which defects diligent study and continuous practice will no doubt go far to correct and improve.

Messrs Harrison's Second Popular Concert was densely crowded, Mr Sims Reeves having been originally announced to take part in it. Unfortunately the cold caught during his recent engagement at the Brighton Theatre prevented our great tenor from appearing—a fact which was, on the morning of the concert, duly notified in all the local daily papers; and Mr Cummings, at the shortest notice, ably filled the place of the absentee, singing "Deeper and deeper still," "Waft her, angels," "Good-bye, sweetheart," etc., with his accustomed care and musicianly skill. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Madame Patey fully sustained their reputation, and well deserved the applause which waited upon their respective efforts. The instrumental portion of the programme was, however, more than ordinarily conspicuous by the fact of Madame Essipoff making her first appearance before a Birmingham audience, and, it need hardly be said, with most complete and unqualified success. Her solos included "Nocturne," "Mazourke," and "Etude," by Chopin, and Liszt's "Chant Polonais," and "Ronde des lutins," in addition to which she took part in Schubert's trio in B flat, with MM. Sainton and Lassere,

and Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violin, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2. Since Madame Arabella Goddard last delighted us with her presence, no such pianist as Madame Essipoff has been heard in the Town Hall; and the wish was earnestly expressed that, in their next series of concerts, the talented Russian (or Polish?) lady may not be omitted from the engagements made by Messrs Harrison. M. Sainton is an old and deserved favourite here—as, indeed, he is everywhere—and his Romance and Tarantelle were received with deserved favour and hearty applause. Mr Lindsay Sloper fulfilled the office of accompanist, besides taking part in Reissiger's trio with MM. Sainton and Lassere, with credit to himself and satisfaction to his hearers.

The third concert of the series will take place on December 21st, when Madlle Albani, Madlle Zaré Thalberg, and Herr Wilhelmj are announced among the principal attractions. As the Town Hall will, early in the ensuing year, be given up to the decorators and builders, important alterations in the entrances, waiting-rooms, etc., having to be made before the Festival of 1876 can be held, the musical season will have to be concentrated into a shorter space of time than usual.

D. H.

—o—  
ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The fourth of the new series of Saturday Popular Concerts took place last Saturday, the 20th inst., and was well attended—better, perhaps, than were the equally attractive Summer Concerts during the past season. A glance at the list of music for performance showed that the spirit of enterprise which characterised the direction of these entertainments from the first is by no means abandoned. Including, among other well-known works of celebrated composers, Sterndale Bennett's beautiful overture, "The Naiades," the concert was agreeably varied by vocal contributions from Mme Blanche Cole, Miss Emily Mott, and Mr Edward Lloyd. Out of fourteen pieces in the programme, no less than four were comparatively new to an English audience. Of these the first—a "Pièce Symphonique," by M. Devin-Duvivier, a composer who, by his birth on British soil, his French parentage and proclivities, might be claimable both sides of the Channel—bore out its title of "Le Triomphe de Bacchus," in so far that it included a triumphal march and a rustic dance, cleverly if not very attractively orchestrated. The second—a *Preludio e Tempodi Valse*, for pianoforte with orchestra, played and composed by Signor Tito Mattei in the brilliant and showy style naturally to be expected of the author of the popular "Valse de Concert" and other pianoforte pieces—abounded with executive intricacies so effective that the composer-executant was rewarded by a unanimous recall. The third was a "Tarantella" for stringed instruments, by M. Halberstadt, which will be better judged after a second hearing; and the fourth, a "Suite" for orchestra, by the French composer, M. Jules Massenet, leads us to hope for further acquaintance with his works. Each of the four movements—"Marche," "Air de Ballet," "Angelus," and "Fête Bohème,"—marred as they are in several instances by over-anxiety to produce the effect desired by the composer—owe their refined grace, their touching charm, to poetical genius. Except in the "Air de Ballet," where the scheme of modulation is more original, the mannerism which is so monotonous in the works of many modern French composers is almost unpleasantly conspicuous. The "Fête Bohème," long before its close, quits the realm of music for that of noise; and there are other defects that prove how genuine the power must be that, weighted with such drawbacks, can yet be intensely felt. It is not a matter of wonder that, when such novelties as these are produced at the Alexandra Palace, week after week, that a preponderance of musicians should be *de règle* among the audience. For many years the works given by our various orchestral societies have been heard to repletion, and the selections from the modern German school, so repeatedly given, merely serve to make the public accept gratefully its former pleasing, if monotonous fare. Therefore, when a skilled conductor like Mr Weist Hill makes use of his powers to refresh the wearied public ear, and console it with the promise that "Melody yet reigns, and the day of future chaos has still to dawn," a vote of thanks is due to him from musicians collectively, while individually few will fail heartily to bid him "Go on, and prosper!"

Z.

## A STUDY OF HAMLET.\*

This book is a striking instance of the veneration of Shakspeare entertained at the present day, in contrast to the not always continuous respect paid to him in the last century. How would Johnson, Malone, and Stevens have stared had they read the words which Mr Marshall put on the very first page of his preface!—"Those I would fain have as my readers are those who love Shakspeare as one who has added to the beauty and happiness of life; who reverence his mind as one of those precious gifts of God to the world; whose beings, born of Fancy indeed, but, nevertheless, real in their nobleness and purity, may spring to gladden the hearts of those whose earthly lot it is to find few friends save in the realms of imagination."

The language may be somewhat high-flown, but any one imbued with the modern spirit may perceive that it exactly corresponds to the feeling of the time. The rage for seeing Shakspeare on the stage seemed to be dying out till it was resuscitated at the Lyceum Theatre a twelvemonth ago; but the reverence for Shakspeare as a poet whose works are to be accepted as something almost beyond criticism is a plant of comparatively recent growth. Our play-going fathers took the plays mentioned in the programme as a matter of course, but whether they had the genuine article, or a mixture towards which Cibber, Garrick, or Tate furnished ingredients, was a question which troubled them little, if at all.

Mr Marshall's "Study," which is in four parts, sprang from a couple of lectures, which he gave before the Catholic Young Men's Association, and which he felt were too short to comprise all that he wanted to say. He modestly confesses in his preface that, though he has studied *Hamlet* more or less for the last 14 years, he never knew till he began sincerely to bring his work to the shape which it now bears how scanty was his knowledge of the subject he had undertaken to illustrate. He says:—"One of my principal objects will have been gained if I can induce any of my readers to study the text of Shakspeare's plays more carefully and with a higher aim than mere verbal criticism; they will find that he is himself his best commentator, and that such study will open to them new fields of enjoyment."

Mr Marshall, to perform his task, takes the play into his hand, and expounds it to his readers scene by scene, we may almost say, speech by speech, as if he were making them acquainted with something of which they knew nought before Dr Johnson's remark with reference to the tragedy, that "the incidents are so numerous that the argument of the play would make a long tale," here receives full illustration. The argument, as given by Mr Marshall, is indeed a very long tale, further lengthened by his exposition, always shrewd and to the purpose, of the motives of the personages. Whatsoever they say or do he is close upon them, prepared to explain what they are saying or doing. Opinions may differ as to the correctness of his portraiture; that he has produced a highly-finished and consistent picture of character no one can doubt.

That in portraying the idiosyncrasy of the Royal Dane he has been guided by the lamp of Goethe is obvious enough, though, as he shows upon occasion, he has but scant respect for his illuminator. The man with a big task set before him, and with weak resolution to perform it, with which the world was first made really acquainted when "Wilhelm Meister Lehrjahre" was a new book, is here presented to the view, depicted with the utmost regard to detail; but Mr Marshall strikes out for himself a new path when he constantly draws attention to the intrinsic nobility of Hamlet's nature. He admits that the Prince has his shortcomings when action is required of him; but he will not have his moral rectitude called into question. The revolting sentiments expressed in the soliloquy, "Now might I do it pat," &c., he attributes (rightly, we think), not to fiendish malignity, but to a desperate attempt to find a motive for inaction; though, be it observed, he recommends the omission of the scene in which the speech occurs. The assertion of Dr Johnson, that in the apology made to Laertes in the last scene of the play ("Give me your pardon, Sir," &c.), Hamlet shelters himself in falsehood, inasmuch as he excuses a manifest outrage on the plea of a madness, which was only assumed, is met by Mr Marshall with the counter-assertion that the madness to which the Prince here refers is not the "antic disposition" he deliberately "put on," but another madness, the "sore distraction" into which the calamities of his life had driven him, and, above all, the anguish which he felt on suddenly hearing of Ophelia's death. He contrives to make as good a case as he can out of the death of the two courtiers, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, though here he obviously finds himself in a difficulty. "It is possible that Shakspeare meant to mark as strongly as he could the hatred of a noble, honest nature for that complicity in crime which is the result of wilful blindness and self-interested negligence."

\* "A Study of Hamlet." By Frank A. Marshall. London, Longmans. 1875.

The possibility to which Mr Marshall refers cannot be called in question, but the defence is not very strong after all, especially when it comes from an advocate who shows himself so powerful in the prosecution of Laertes as one of the worst of scoundrels. To this Mr Marshall is stimulated by the very lenient manner in which Laertes is treated by Gervinus, and few, we think, will deny that he has the best of the argument. Mr Marshall's definition of the irresolution proper to Hamlet, to which Goethe first gave due importance, is accurate. It may be attributed to moral timidity, or it may be attributed, as it is by Mr Irving, to a tenderness of nature which shrinks from the commission of murder. Prompted by a remark made to him by Signor Salvini in the course of a private conversation, "L'Amleto c'è il dubbio," Mr Marshall arrives at the conclusion that the principal flaw in the Prince's character is the want of humility, and consequently of faith, meaning by humility "a complete subordination of one's own prejudices and desires and will to some great purpose, and a belief so thorough and unquestioning in the justice of that purpose as to render any hesitation in one's efforts to accomplish it impossible." Had Hamlet been endowed with this quality, he would have been convinced that the Ghost's charge of vengeance was to be fulfilled at any cost. "Such humility," he cautiously observes, "does not always lend itself to the accomplishment of great or good ends; the fanatic shares it with the enthusiast, the assassin with the liberator." Let us add that the duty which Hamlet is enjoined to perform is the duty of assassination, wholly unrecognised in the civilised Europe of the present day, and of very dubious stringency in the 17th century. The Hamlet of the play does not belong to the mythical period of which Saxo Grammaticus was the historian, and in which a Corsican *vendetta* may be presumed to have existed, in consonance with the natural order of things, but lives at some imaginary Court, with the sentiments of which an English Elizabethan gentleman might be supposed to sympathise.

The fair fame of Ophelia is triumphantly cleared by Mr Marshall of the imputations cast upon it by Goethe, who is, to a certain extent, followed by Gervinus. This is done in an appendix; but we may here take occasion to remark that the appendices which follow the "study" are, for the most part, as important as the text which they supplement, and comprise an "early life of Hamlet," most ingeniously constructed out of materials furnished by the play. One curious inaccuracy in the estimation of Goethe's comment upon Ophelia should not, however, pass unnoticed. "Wilhelm Meister," says Mr Marshall, "is a work written by one advanced in years, in which we find all the cynicism and selfishness of old age coupled with an amount of animal passion which youth alone could excuse." No doubt there is plenty of cynicism and of animal passion to be found in the world-famed romance, but it was not written by one advanced in years. The composition of "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," to which the animadversion would alone apply, was frequently interrupted, and extended over a period beginning with 1777, when the author's age was 26, and ending in 1796, when, consequently, his years numbered 47. Mr Marshall has, probably, been misled by the date of the sequel, "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre," which was not completed till 1821, and reconstructed in 1829. However, the vindicator of Ophelia carries out his main point, and gives good reason for his opinion that she is "Shakspeare's most perfect picture of virginity, as Desdemona and Imogen are his faultless pictures of true wifehood."

Those who are in earnest with their *Shakspeare* may profitably pass an hour or two in the perusal of this very interesting "study."—*Times*.

## St Storey Stratford.

PURPLE POWIS.—What, dear Baylis, in a musical sense, is the difference between "solicitor" and "attorney?"

BAYLIS BOIL.—Dear Purple, I don't know.

PURPLE POWIS.—What, dear Boil, is the difference between law and equity?

BAYLIS BOIL.—Ah! dear Powis, that's easy:—*Equity's not Law, and Law's not Equity.*

(*Excuse, troubled in their minds.*)

COLOGNE.—In the course of the winter, the Association for Sacred Music will, under the direction of its conductor, Herr Eduard Mertke, give three performances with solos, orchestra, and chorus. Among the more important works will be a "Magnificat" by Philip Emanuel Bach; Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and *Ein Deutsches Requiem*, by Johannes Brahms. In order to place the concerts within reach of the masses, the prices of admission will be lowered.



## BRUSSELS.

(From our Correspondent.)

In consequence of Mad. Lucca's inability to put in an appearance owing to the accident which lately happened to her, *L'Africaine* has been produced at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie with another lady, Mdle Vanden Berghen, as Selika. Mdle Vanden Berghen is a great favourite here, but she would never have become so, had she made her *début* in this character. The other characters were represented by MM. Warot and Devoyod.

After a lapse of some seventeen or eighteen years, Grisar's little comic opera, *Les Travestissements*, has been revived. It was not very well received. Mad. Morlet, like Mdle Vanden Berghen, in *L'Africaine*, was not strong enough for the leading female rôle. The lady acts well; but something more than acting is needed in opera. Then, too, the orchestra left much to be desired. The rough manner in which they played Grisar's light and airy music suggested the action of a man who should set about engraving a delicate drawing on wood with a mason's chisel.

Offenbach's *Madame l'Archiduc* has been brought out at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, with Mdle Théon in the principal part.

## PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scraper.)

While tolerably certain of saving M. Faure's life, Dr Lowe was far from feeling the same assurance that his patient's voice would not suffer irretrievably. Fortunately, all fear on the subject has been dispelled. Faure has returned triumphantly to the Grand Opera in the full possession of his vocal resources. Such being the case, it is superfluous to say how he sang. His acting, too, was as fine as ever. The opera was M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. Faure had a tremendous reception from the public, who seemed scarcely to know in what manner they could testify sufficiently their pleasure at greeting so popular and deserving a favourite. Mad. Carvalho resumed her part of Ophelia, and shared the applause so lavishly bestowed on Faure. Mdle Rosina Bloch proved a satisfactory substitute for Mad. Gueymard, as the Queen. The latter lady had been suddenly summoned to Brussels in consequence of the death of her father, M. Paul Lauters, a highly-esteemed and well-known painter, who expired in that capital on the 12th inst., after a long illness.

At the Opéra-Comique, *Carmen*, the work of that promising young composer, Georges Bizet, so prematurely snatched away from art, has been revived, with every mark of success, before an audience that filled every part of the house. Mad. Galli-Marié sustained her original character of the heroine, and Mdle Chapuy that of Michaela. Mesdames Nadaud, Bell, MM. Potel Duvernoy, Bouhy, Lhéry, and Barnolt, also, were included in the cast.

M. du Locle, who has been in a bad state of health for a considerable time, has gone to pass a month in Egypt. Meanwhile, M. Charles Nutter will replace him as manager of the Opéra-Comique.

*La Reine Indigo* has been revived at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, with Mad. Peschard in the part created by Mdle Zulmar Bouffar, when the opera was first brought out. Herr Johann Strauss desired very much to attend the rehearsals. He was prevented by illness from doing so. He will, however, visit Paris this winter to superintend the production of his new opera.

The Théâtre-Lyrique has at length found a home. The home in question will be the Théâtre de la Gaîté, and the manager, chosen by the Committee of the Academy of Fine Arts, is M. Albert Vizentini. The transformation, however, will not be actually effected until after the run of the *Voyage dans la Lune*, and when that will be it is impossible to say. It was necessary to settle several important points before M. Vizentini's appointment could be officially ratified. In the first place, there were his engagements with his predecessor, M. Offenbach, and the proprietors of the Theatre, and, dependent upon these engagements, the question of the rate at which he was entitled to receive the subsidy voted by the Assembly for the new lyric establishment. In addition to these knotty points, at present satisfactorily solved, the entire company has to be formed, and so has

the repertory. All things considered, it appears scarcely probable that the first season of the resuscitated Théâtre-Lyrique will begin, as some persons say it will, next March.

The following letter has been addressed by the Minister of Fine Arts to Sig. Rossi:

"DÉPARTEMENT DE LE MINISTRE DE L'INSTRUCTION,  
WORSHIP, AND FINE ARTS.

"SIR.—May I beg you to accept the Sèvres tazza, which I forward herewith, as a memento of your visit to Paris, and as a mark of homage which I am happy to pay to your distinguished talent.—I remain, Sir, etc.

"WALLON."

Accompanying this flattering epistle was a handsome vase in Sèvres china.

## DEATH OF HOWARD GLOVER.

(From Watson's "Art Journal"—New York.)

To Mr. Henry C. Watson.

Mr Howard Glover, the well-known British composer, died, on the 28th inst., at his residence, after a severe and lingering sickness, which had grown rapidly worse within the last two or three weeks. The scene at his deathbed was one which leaves an impression on the minds of those who witnessed the sad affair which time can never erase. Surrounded by his sorrowing family and a few friends, Howard Glover suffered the most intense agony for twelve hours previous to his death. All night long this truly great and much-abused man lay upon his bed of pain, and tried hard to speak a parting word to his family, but, added to his many other misfortunes, his loss of speech rendered him perfectly helpless. Standing by the bedside of this man, whom it was the will of God to take away in the very prime of life, many sad reflections came into the mind of the writer. The inevitable separation of this peaceful and hitherto happy family; the heart-rending conviction that other lives may be swiftly shortened by this misfortune; the thought of these friendless girls thrown out upon their own resources, in this cold world, to battle against jealousy, hatred, scorn, and disappointments—all left their life-long impressions on the mind.

Misfortune has followed Mr Glover since he first came to this country, seven years ago. The many beautiful songs and ballads composed by Mr Glover, and published by Messrs Peters, Ditson, Pond, and Hall, may be found in the parlours of our most refined society; also numerous operas, and other large musical works. In some cases the honours due to Mr Glover for his compositions have been attributed to other parties. The effect upon his mind produced by these things had a tendency to shorten his days. In his last rational moments he spoke of Mr John Brougham in affectionate terms. Mr Glover was a man of tender feelings, and appreciated the friendship of Mr Brougham. He was fond of his home and his family, of an affectionate, kind-hearted, and forgiving nature.

It is a most unfortunate circumstance that Mr Glover, after his life of toil and deserved honours, should pass his last moments in poverty and misery. Mr Glover's family are celebrated as theatrical people. He descended from the well-known family of Betterton, of British fame. His daughter, Miss Nellie Glover, has for years been under his instruction, and is deserving of much credit for her musical talent. She has exhibited a love for the divine art from early childhood. Mr Glover was born in London, England. He was 56 years of age.

Oct. 29, 1875.

THOMAS PEARSALL.

## CRITERION THEATRE.

On Saturday afternoon the first of a series of three private performances (having no connection with the regular business or the regular company of the theatre) was attended by a numerous and select audience. The entertainment consisted of a comic opera in three acts, the music composed by Herr Adolph Gollmick, for many years favourably known in this country as a teacher of the pianoforte, and also as a composer for that instrument. Herr Gollmick, like others in the same position, would fain take a higher flight. To compose operas, and have them performed in public, is the aspiration of many a professor condemned by circumstances to employ his time almost exclusively in less ambitious pursuits. Herr Gollmick respects his art, and desires to make known that his powers are not limited to one particular sphere. If *Dona Constanza*, played for the gratification of his friends on the present occasion, be not a masterpiece, it at least shows capacity to excel in operatic composition, which, with more frequent opportunity, might lead to results not inconsiderable. Herr Gollmick exhibits more than ordinary skill in writing for voices, as well as in the treatment of orchestral instruments; and throughout *Dona Constanza* the hand of a practised adept is apparent. There are no choruses; but the voices of the leading singers are frequently brought together in the most effective manner—as an instance of which may be cited the *finale* to Act 1st, when the *dramatis personæ*—seven in number—are both separately and simultaneously engaged. We have heard less spirited pieces signed by names more widely recognized. In fact, there is a great deal of genuine concerted writing in each of the three acts—not merely clever, by the way, but occasionally even dramatic. In addition to this, more than one solo might be named that, if heard from time to time, could scarcely fail to meet with general approval. Into closer particulars it is needless to enter. Herr Gollmick has not been furnished with a libretto admitting any great variety of musical development in the style conventionally accepted as “comic opera.” The materials upon which it is constructed borne in mind, it is drawn out to unreasonable length; and the issue can be readily anticipated before the plot has advanced half way. The scene, as may be guessed from the title, is laid in Spain; and the story, somewhat improbable, and for the most part wanting in dramatic interest, is of the simplest. To give a detailed account of it would be filling space to no purpose, and we must be satisfied with congratulating Herr Gollmick on having made so much out of so little. The performance, though by no means irreproachable, was in many respects good. Miss Annie Sinclair, whose appearance again on the London boards is welcome, sang and acted the part of the heroine, *Dona Constanza*, with grace and animation; Miss Emily Pitt, as *Dona Barbara Munez*, was an excellent “*comprimaria*,” while the remaining characters were more or less effectively sustained by Miss Dolores Drummond, Messrs W. Courtenay, F. Penna, Connell, and Wakeford. The orchestra, though comparatively small, was efficient, and its part in the performance, one of responsibility, was all that could be desired. The opera was throughout favourably received, and the composer summoned forward at the conclusion.—*Times*.

## From Tewkesbury.

Could it but be that thou loved'st me  
 Could it but be that thou loved'st me  
 The Heav'n's above would blaze  
 With scorching blinding rays  
 The stars would meet and kiss  
 In fiery godlike bliss  
 The moaning trees would cease  
 The flowers again have peace  
 The midnight deathdark stream  
 Would brighten into gleam  
 The trembling soul would leap  
 Like broken heart from sleep  
 The whispering leaves would breathe  
 Of hope to all that grieve  
 The waves flow into each  
 The pow'r of love to teach  
 The sea would hush and smile  
 To love with me awhile  
 Could it but be  
 Could it but be  
 Could it but be

Ame-As!

COPENHAGEN.—Niels Gade, born in 1817, celebrated lately his twenty-fifth anniversary as conductor of the Musical Association, the members of which presented him with 9000 crowns.

## Higher Development.

Nos. 7 and 8.

## LISZT FERENCZ.



Dante. A pokol. Az elkárhozottak (köztük a zongora is) jajgatnak. Lázás izgatottság. A pokol kapuit bevágja a szélvész. Bum!



Csak játszott. Nem csak nekünk, de velünk is. Imponáló szerénységgel hajtja meg magát. Csattogó taps, kábító éjen.





## TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Curiosity plays a great part in the affairs of this world. In fact, we may very fairly apply to it the lines—

“*Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
Regumque turres.*”

written by Horace of something else to which wretched Humanity is subject. It was curiosity which prompted the last Mrs Blue Beard to enter a certain chamber, of which she dropped the key, a circumstance resulting in the discovery by Blue Beard of what she had done, and of her being doomed by him to instant death. It is curiosity which induces juvenile horticulturists to dig up, after the lapse of a day or so, the seeds they have sown, that they may see how the said seeds are getting on. Curiosity has caused many a pair of bellows to be cut open, that the operator might learn whence the wind came; and to curiosity must be set down the fact that so many dolls are eviscerated in their prime, and shed their life's sawdust prematurely on the floor of the nursery.

The same feeling, only purified and ennobled by reverence and admiration, renders us so desirous of learning all we can about great and justly-celebrated individuals, not regarded as Emperors, Kings, Generals, Statesmen, Poets, Painters, Divines, or Musicians, as the case may be, but considered as men. When we have read about high deeds of arms or peace, which have changed the aspect of the world, we would fain extend our knowledge of those by whom they were effected. The recollection of Trafalgar impels us to peruse, again and yet again, the adventure of a young midshipman, named Horatio Nelson, with the Polar Bear, in the ice-bound regions of the far North. With what delight do we not treasure up every detail connected with the “grit bare-legged laddie” who was so fond of animals; who had tame blackbirds flying unconfined about the poor cottage in which he lived; and who, as George Stephenson, the famous engineer, has given a fresh impetus to civilisation throughout the globe! Who would have missed the account which informs us how a young scapegrace once climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of Market Drayton Church, and terrified the inhabitants by sitting complacently on a stone spout near the summit! But then the name of that young scapegoat was Robert Clive, without whom, and without certain victories, among which was one achieved at a place called Plassey, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, would not, in all probability, have been hunting lately with the *cheetah*, or pig-sticking with the Guikwar, at Baroda.

Genius sanctifies, as it were, every one and every thing with whom or which it comes in contact. Like the prophet's rod, at whose touch the water poured forth from the sterile rock, it enables us to derive the keenest enjoyment and profoundest delight from objects which we should otherwise have treated with indifference. The veriest trifle, if it ever belonged to or emanated from a Shakspeare or a Cromwell, a Beethoven or a Michael Angelo, is, for loving minds, a priceless treasure. It is with a firm conviction of this truth that I beg to bring under your notice the following letter. I am sure it will be gratefully received by every one who admires the immortal composer of *Don Giovanni*, and *Die Zauberflöte*, of *Le Nozze* and the *Requiem*. Here it is:—

“A MADAME COSTANCE DE MOZART, à Baden.

“*by HERRN SYNDIKUS abzugeben.*

“LIEBSTES BESTES WEIBCHEN!—Mit unbeschreiblichen Vergnügen erhielt ich die Nachricht des sicheren Empfangs des Geldes;—ich

kann mich nicht erinnern dass ich Dir geschrieben hätte, Du sollst *alles* in Richtigkeit bringen? Wie könnt ich denn das als ein vernünftiges Geschöpf schreiben?—ist es so—so muss es sehr in Gedanken geschehen sein! Wie es dermalen, da ich so viele wichtige Sachen im Kopfe habe, sehr möglich ist. Das übrige ist für Deinen Gebrauch, und was dann noch zu bezahlen ist, wozu ich schon so meine Rechnung gemacht habe, werde selbst bei meiner Hinkunft in Ordnung bringen. Eben wird Blanchard entweder steigen—oder die Wiener zum 3ten male foppen! Die Histoire mit Blanchard ist mir heute gar nicht lieb—sie bringt mich um den Schluss meines Geschäftes—N. N. versprach mir bevor er hinaus führe zu mir zu kommen—kam aber nicht—vielleicht kommt er wenn der Spass vorbey ist—ich warte bis 2 Uhr—dann werfe ich ein Bischen Essen hinein—und suche ihn aller Orten auf. Uns ist ein nicht gar angenehmes Leben. Geduld! es wird schon bessern—ich ruhe dann in Deinen Armen aus!

“Ich danke Dir für Deinen Rath mich nicht ganz auf N. N. zu verlassen. Aber in dergleichen Fällen *muss* man nur mit *einem* zu thun haben—wendet man sich an zwei oder drei—und das Geschäft geht überall—so erscheint man bey den andern, wo man es dann nicht annehmen kann, als ein Narr, oder unverlässlicher Mann.

“Nun kannst Du mir aber kein grösseres Vergnügen machen, als wenn Du vergnügt und lustig bist—denn wenn ich nur *gewiss weiss* dass Dir nichts abgeht—dann ist mir alle meine Mühe lieb und angenehm; denn; denn die fatalste und verdetteste Lage in der ich mich immer befinden könnte, wird mir zur Kleinigkeit wenn ich weiss dass Du *gesund und lustig* bist—und nun lebe recht wohl.

benutze Deinen Tischnarren—denkt und redet viel von mir—liebe mich ewig wie ich Dich liebe, und sey ewig meine Stanri Marini, wie ich ewig seyn werde Dein.

“Stu!—Knaller paller—

“schnip—schnap—schnur—

“Schneepapal.

“Spai!—

“Gieb dem N. N. eine Ohrfeige, und sag Du hättest eine Fliege tod schlagen müssen, die ich sitzen geschen hätte! adieu.

“pass auf—fang auf—br—br—br 3 Büsserle, zuckersüsse fliegen daher!

“Mittwoch, Wien, den 6ten Juli 1791.”

For those of your Readers who are not conversant with German, I append an English version:

“To MADAME COSTANCE DE MOZART, Baden.

“Care of HERR SYNDICUS.

“DEAREST, BEST, LITTLE WIFE!—It was with indescribable pleasure that I received intelligence of the safe reception of the money;—I cannot recollect having written to say you were to settle *everything*.—How could I as a reasonable being write so?—if I did—it must have happened when I was deep in thought!—This, at present, is extremely possible, as I have so many important things in my head.—The surplus is for your own use, and what then remains to be paid, for which I have pretty well allowed, I will arrange on my arrival.—Blanchard will ascend directly—or have a joke at the Viennese for the third time!—I do not at all like the affair with Blanchard to-day—it will spoil the conclusion of my business—N. N.” (the name is scratched out here, and “N.N.” written above) “promised he would call on me before he drove out—but has not come—perhaps he will come when the joke is past—I shall wait till two o'clock—then take a snack of something—and go and look for him everywhere.—Ours is by no means a pleasant life—Patience! it will improve—then I shall repose in your arms!

“I thank you for your advice not to rely entirely upon N.N.—But, in such cases, you *must* have to deal only with *one*—if you apply to two or three—and business is everywhere—you appear with the others, from whom you cannot accept it, a fool or a man who is not to be depended on.

—You cannot afford me greater pleasure than by being pleased and merry—for if I only feel *certain* that you want for nothing—all my trouble is welcome and agreeable; for—for the most desperate and most intricate position in which I could possibly be placed is a trifle, if I know that you are well and cheerful.—And now a fond, fond farewell.

“Profit by your Tischnarren. Think and speak a deal about me.

—Love me always as I love you, and be always my Stanri Marini, as I shall always be your

"Stu! knaller paller—

"Schnip—schap—schnur

"Schnepapel.

"Spai!—

"Give N.N. a box on the ear, and say you were bound to kill a fly which I had seen there! Adieu.

"Attention—catch—br—br—br—3 kissy-wissies, as sweet as sugar, which are flying to you!—

"Wednesday, Vienna, the 6th July, 1791."

I cannot explain the allusion to Blanchard—he may have been an acrobat, the Blondin of the last century. Nor do I know what is meant by *Tischnarren*—I suspect it is a fault of transcription—but that does not prevent my reading easily and distinctly in the above lines the character of him who penned them. What tender affection! What childlike simplicity! What innocent gaiety! How different is such a letter from the effusions of certain would-be celebrities who depict themselves in their correspondence exactly as they love to be depicted by others in their portraits, with their eyes cast up to heaven, with their hair in admired disorder, and with a pen, a brush, a scroll, or something of the sort, in their hand, the whole surmounted by an abnormal development of forehead, perfectly in keeping with their inflated pretensions, but ludicrously too expansive for their supply of brains—a sort of frontal Pantechnicon to house a pauper's furniture. How different is the tone adopted by genius—grand, sublime, and passionate genius!

Who can refrain from being moved by the eager solicitude which Mozart exhibits for his "Dearest, best, little Wife;" by his protestations how he would endure any extremity rather than that she should not be happy; by his assurance that the reward to which he looks forward, after all his troubles, is to rest once more in her arms, and then to know, as we do know, that, almost

"Within a month,

A little month,"

the being to which he was so devotedly attached—

Marie Louise was faithless to the memory of only an Emperor, but Mad. von Nissen—

Poor, kind, tender-hearted, divine Mozart!

N. V. N.

#### Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING. Well—anything new?

DR QUINCE. Why—not that I know of.

DR SHIPPING. Well—then, propound me a riddle;—*What's the difference between the late King Solomon and Salaman, admonisher of critics?*

DR QUINCE. Why—I give it up.

DR SHIPPING. Well (*knowingly*)—Solomon was wiser than other men; and—

DR QUINCE. Why (*interrupting him*)—and, Salaman was other-wiser!

(*Exeunt in convulsions.*)

BOLOGNA.—A new opera, *Ettore Fieramosca*, words by Professor Enrico Panzacchi, music by a young composer, Sig. Cesare dall'Olio, has been successfully produced, with Signora Giovanni-Zacchi and Sig. Campanini in the two leading characters.

#### FROM COLNEY HATCH.

(*To Dishley Peters, Esq.*)

MY DEAR D. P.,—Now that you have returned from visiting the "*Mudidis Euri resolutae statibus Alpes*," as our Lucian has it; now that, after revelling, during the late most hottest (new form of superlative, introduced by me into the neologisms of the English idiom, to meet the meteorological exigencies of last summer), I repeat: now that, after revelling, during the late most hottest weather, in those pleasantest regions ("*Acris aevit ubi frigore semper hyems*"), you are once more back in the classic neighbourhood of Tadcaster, I haste to greet you, and to request—that (&c.). As Wright observed, in days of yore, when there was a question of the kind of malt liquor to be fetched:—"Make it Ale!" So I say: "Make it HALF AND HALF!"—Yours, obsequiously, Paul Moist.

*The Hatch—November, 18—.*

[Sorry for Mr Moist, who is evidently disturbed.—D. P.]

#### CHRISTINE NILSSON IN DUBLIN.

(*From "Freeman's Journal," Nov. 20.*)

The benefit of Madame Nilsson last night was unparalleled in many ways. At seven minutes past seven the popular portions of the house, galleries and pit, were absolutely packed; and, in addition to this phenomenon, all those who had booked "chairs" were seated so as to have the advantage over those who had taken tickets for the corridor. About seventy stools were put into nooks in the circle, and even then there were two or three scores of people outside who were in sight of the stage at a very sharp angle indeed. For fifty minutes the crowds thronged in, and never, perhaps, were the galleries so overwhelming in appearance and gesticulation. Their conduct, however, was comparatively very good, and their singing not worse than usual. Their vociferous manner of applause was checked, for the first time in our experience, in a very novel manner, and by no less a person than Madame Nilsson herself. Twice or thrice during the evening she peremptorily raised her hand, and silenced them as if by magic, and this with a sweetness and grace which could not be denied. Once, indeed, the comic blundering of a god defeated her. It was in the "*Miserere*" scene, which was superbly given. The applause was tremendous, and Madame signalled to Signor Li Calsi for a repeat. Silence was quite restored, and one might have heard a sigh in the house. Madame paused; and then there came from the gallery, quite *sotto voce*, and in an accent of unmistakable Tipperary, "Go on, now!" The lady looked up for an instant, and then burst out laughing, and the whole house roared *secundum*. This merry hitch excepted, the opera was performed throughout with rapidity and order. It is almost needless to dwell upon the singing of Madame Nilsson. It was quite superb—a marvel of sweetness and light, grace and power. She was frequently encored, and was in a very generous mood. The "*Tacea la notte*," the "*Di tale amor*," the "*Miserere*," the "*D'amor sul' ali rosee*," were each and all sung with wonderful feeling, while the action was that of intelligence and grace. In the matter of dress, Madame Nilsson outshone all her predecessors; she was brilliantly costumed. The opera concluded in a perfect *furor* of applause for Madame Nilsson, and, although she appeared twice in obedience to the peremptory thunders of the gods, they would not be appeased. They cried and shouted for the "*Last Rose of Summer*," and for a considerable time they kept up the demand. Meantime, hundreds had assembled at the stage-door to drag her home in the approved fashion. While the shouting was going on inside, and the enthusiasts were waiting outside, a closely-muffled figure might have been seen gliding along the corridor of the dress-circle among the general public. 'Twas Madame Nilsson, and in quite a swift manner she descended to her carriage, and was probably at home before her admirers had ceased to shout for the Irish melody.

RAVENNA.—A number of musicians and vocalists, headed by Signors Montanari and Gordini, visited, on All Souls' Day, the tomb of the late Sig. Mariani, and laid a crown of laurel upon it. Sig. Montanari, also, read a funeral oration.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MDLE TIETJENS and Madame Arabella Goddard are at present in Canada. Their first concert (at Montreal) was an extraordinary success.

SIGNOR AND SIGNORA VASSELLI, to whose family Donizetti's wife belonged, have made a present of the composer's piano to the Municipality of Bergamo. The instrument will be placed in the Town Library, and to it will be affixed an extract from an autograph letter in the possession of the Vasselli family, which proves the authenticity of the gift.

M. L. A. MALEMPRÉ, the eminent sculptor, who made the fine statue of Balfe which stands loftily erect in the Drury Lane Theatre vestibule, is now engaged upon a similar work for the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, to be erected in Sheffield, our great musician's native town. It is a fact worth noting that M. Malempré never saw either Balfe or Bennett.

At the "St Cecilia Festival," in St Paul's Cathedral, the organists were Dr Stainer, Mr G. Martin, Mus. Bac., and Mr C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Bac. Some inconvenience was experienced in consequence of the choir seats being taken possession of by persons admitted into the chancel, and some difficulty was felt by the ticket holders not finding places owing to want of correspondence between the numbered seats and ticket holders—a difficulty increased by the enormous quantity of applicants for admission.

A MUSICAL amateur of Berlin has just made the Emperor Wilhelm a most valuable present, a collection, namely, of manuscripts by celebrated composers. The collection includes two Quintets by Spohr; a setting of an Italian Song, with Orchestral Accompaniment, by C. M. von Weber; a Symphony by Schubert; and four volumes containing the first plan of the Eighth Symphony by Beethoven. Some passages are written in ink, others in pencil, black or coloured; at times the writing is hurried, and then again it is most scrupulously neat. The entire sketch presents an exceedingly varied appearance, and is extremely difficult to decipher. Certain portions are entirely erased with the remark: *So wird es nie etwas* ("That will never be worth anything"), or: *Das ist nichts* ("That's worth nothing"). In one place we read: *Ob ich das wiederholen lasse?* ("Shall I repeat this?") These indications of the way in which the composer's first ideas were gradually modified are highly interesting.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

SOUTH LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.—The members of this society held their first subscription concert at the Walworth Lecture Hall, on Monday evening, before an appreciative and demonstrative audience. The soloists were Miss Josephine Cravino, Mad. Arthur, and Mr Fryer. The various pieces were well chosen, and among those deserving special commendation were a recit. and aria from *St Paul*, charmingly sung by Miss Cravino, and Mad. Arthur's rendering of "Lo, here the gentle lark" with flute *obbligato*. The best choruses were "Oh! the pleasure of the plains" (*Acis and Galatea*), and Haydn's "Come, gentle spring." Mr Leonard Venables conducted. At the next concert the *Messiah* will be given.

BRIXTON.—The Brixton Choral Society opened their winter campaign last week, with a performance of *Elijah*, at the Angell Town Institution. The Society appeared to great advantage in the choruses, most of which were given in a manner that left little to be desired. There might, perhaps, have been a little more vigour in the dramatic "Baal, we cry to thee," and the two subsequent choruses; but, on the whole, there was not much to find fault with. The solos were safe in the hands of Miss Poyntz, Mme Poole, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Wadmore, and in each case the rendering was deserving of the highest praise. Mr Wadmore sang the music of the prophet carefully and well, and fully bore out the promise he gave some time ago. The quartets were well sung, with the assistance of Mesdames Stroud, Cubitt, and Smith, and Messrs Barber and J. H. Boardman. The singers were ably supported by a small orchestra, and Mr Lemare conducted with his usual care; Mr Boardman presiding at the organ.

The second of Mr William Carter's present series of concerts, at the Albert Hall, took place on Monday, the 18th inst., and drew a large attendance of visitors—the cheap tariff of admission having its natural influence in producing this result. The miscellaneous public never fail to enjoy Haydn's *Creation* when it is set before them with reasonable efficiency; and such was the case upon the present occasion. There are few choral bodies of any numerical strength unfamiliar with this most agreeable work. Its light and easy tunefulness has long since made it the property of all amateur societies; and hence it is seldom given by associations of this class in an imperfect or unworthy manner. The large choir, presided over by Mr W. Carter, has too often been engaged in this particular performance not to have earned for itself a special credit, and to have achieved in it a reputation for bright and truthful singing, hardly to be surpassed by that of its more pretentious rival at Exeter Hall. Mr Carter's energy as a conductor is well known, and to this may be chiefly ascribed the executive proficiency which is hereby witnessed. Amendments, however, might possibly be made in the dramatic expression belonging to certain of the pieces, by a more vivid exemplification of the contrasts of which the sentiment is susceptible. As a series of musical pictures the choruses of Haydn's charming oratorio are, doubtless, among the best of their kind; but they fail in their legitimate effect if they are handled with but partial reference to their descriptive and pictorial character. Mr Carter's readings, as musical exercises, are unquestionably clear and vigorous, but are occasionally wanting in those *nuances* in which there is meaning as well as grace. But this, by the way. The two well-known choruses, "The heavens are telling" and "Achieved is the glorious work," could not have been better received by the audience than at this hearing. They were both delivered with suitable breadth; and, in the former case, as usual, a repetition would not have been distasteful to the majority of the listeners. The exponent of the principal soprano music was Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, who invested the two airs, "With verdure clad" and "On mighty pens," with her customary charm and beauty. Singing purer in taste, or more satisfying as examples of art, could not well be imagined. Her associate in the soprano duties was a Miss Julian, but whose obvious timidity proved a stumbling-block, and delayed the good opinion that will, perhaps, by and bye await her. To Mr Edward Lloyd and Signor Foli were assigned the tenor and bass music, and as both sang carefully and steadily, the result was everything that could be wished.

## PROVINCIAL.

THAMES DITTON.—A concert took place on November 19th, and was in every way highly successful. An excellent string band played several operatic pieces with effect. Miss Robinson, Miss Hester Robinson, Mr Stonard, and Mr Mathias sang some part-songs in excellent time. Mr Charles J. Bishenden, the popular bass, gained encores for his well-known singing of "The brave old oak" and "The Wolf." Great praise is due to the givers of the concert, Messrs Bailey and Smith, for their excellent arrangements.

BRIGHTON.—The Brighton Philharmonic gave a capital performance of *Elijah* on Saturday the 13th inst., under the direction of Mr F. Kingsbury. Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli, were the principal vocalists, assisted by Miss Saidie Singleton, Miss Thekla Fischer, Mr G. T. Carter, and Mr H. Pyatt. Several pieces had to be repeated. The band and chorus were first rate, and Mr Willing was the organist. Mr Kuhe has given his third recital of pianoforte music, assisted by M. Pague, with whom he played Mendelssohn's Sonata for violoncello and piano, and the Misses Allitzen, two young vocalists who, it may be remembered, made a very favourable *début* last season in London. Unfortunately, one of the sisters, being taken unwell, was unable to get through her task, so we trust soon to have another opportunity of hearing and judging of her talent. Miss Allitzen, the contralto, sang the "Three Fishers" with such dramatic force and touching pathos—says the *Brighton Gazette*—that an encore was the result, when the lady sang with equal success "Many a time." This was quite a feature of the concert, and the audience appeared electrified by the feeling she threw into the two ballads. Her emphasis might have been a little too forced sometimes, but this fault escaped notice in the general effect she produced. Madame Essipoff has given a "recital," and quite won the hearts of her audience. She is truly a most charming artist. Mr Charles Halle and Madame Norman-Neruda announces a "recital" for Tuesday morning; and next Wednesday evening Mr George Watts announces the last of his present season of orchestral and choral concerts. Mr Sims Reeves is to be the "attraction," and the great tenor will be assisted by Madame Blanche Cole, Miss Singleton, Madame Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, and Mr D'Alquen. Mr Watts may safely calculate on a "full house."



## Dialogues in Purgatory.



## A Mystery to be Expounded.

DR SERPENT.—I was going to say—Which of 'em?—dear Ghost. Excuse?

DR GHOST.—No excuse necessary. What of 'em?

DR SERPENT.—I have heard with satisfaction that (*pace* Thaddeus Egg) some Doctors have come back.

DR GHOST.—All skeletons, dear Serpent—all skeletons; “fleshless bones and ribs,” as Wagner says of the Berlioz orchestra.

DR SERPENT.—O! by Abs!

DR GHOST.—O! by Adnan!—What could be expected? Can you tell me the names of doctors about whom Augustus Mayhew wrote, as repairing to Cremorne, in guise of Bristol merchants?

DR SERPENT (*furtively*).—I know them; Doctors Commons.

DR GHOST.—How Commons?

DR SERPENT.—They were twins, and had one name in common.

DR GHOST.—But, were they not pre-named?

DR SERPENT.—One was called Kensington, the other, Stonep.

DR GHOST.—One shilling and nine pence. Good news for Carrodus, Weist Hill, Amor, Pollitzer, &c.

DR SERPENT (*stily*).—Sainton wouldn't have it.

DR GHOST.—Nor Costa?

DR SERPENT.—Costa (may his shadow never be less!) likes instruments that cost a (Costa—*no pun*) great deal of money.

DR GHOST.—I am told that Costa has the finest orchestra in the world, but that (Sainton excepted) the members are poundless, in consequence of pounds laid out on sterling instruments.

DR SERPENT.—*Ha dello spirito, il maestro Grifologo!*

DR GHOST.—Whoo!—Goldoni!

DR SERPENT.—*Perché?*

DR GHOST.—Never mind. About the Mayhew doctors.

DR SERPENT.—They were twins.

DR GHOST (*interrupting him*).—Well?

DR SERPENT.—Well (*pace* Dr Shipping), their father was old Common of Axminster, who died of leaches, and —

DR GHOST (*interrupting him*).—And leeches? Make phonetic difference.

DR SERPENT.—I speak with gravity. Their father was old Common, an excellent fellow in his way, although his way was not excellent. They left Axminster, and settled, as probers, at Illminster.

DR GHOST.—Well?

DR SERPENT.—Well—they were probers, probed in common, and expended preciput in common.

DR GHOST.—You said their name was Commons?—How, then, Common?

DR SERPENT.—Don't talk commonplace;—I will shortly explain.

DR GHOST.—Shortly, please.

DR SERPENT.—Be not intemperate. You said, “Which of 'em?”

DR GHOST.—I did.

DR SERPENT.—Well, the preciput of the brothers Common, who practised commonly in common, was one shilling for a tooth, half-a-crown for an arm, a crown for a leg—and so forth.

DR GHOST.—About vivisection?

DR SERPENT.—For elaborate and long protracted vivisection they exacted one half quid; and, seldom getting it, confined their practice to effete heads and trunks, or, now and then, to what Julius Caesar

Vanini (burnt alive, for his Dialogues) would have termed *effigies rerum*—and —

DR GHOST (*interrupting him*).—Serpent, this is thrilling. Proceed.

DR SERPENT.—Don't stop me again in the middle of —

DR GHOST (*interrupting him*).—A sentence?

DR SERPENT.—I would forgive you; but you know my idiosyncrasy.

DR GHOST.—Continue.

DR SERPENT.—At Illminster their practice began to totter; whereupon, without looking at accounts, and regardless of obloquy, they flew to Datchet, and (though partners), finding the name “Common,” too common, changed it to Commons. Being twins, they were justified. Nevertheless, their affairs did not prosper. Perceiving one night, between two hedges, the ghost of old Common, their common father, with contempt for issue, they resumed the patriarchal nomenclature, and now probe as Common and Common. (*Exeunt perplexed.*)

## A FLYING NOTICE OF AN OVERTURE BY

WAGNER.

The last orchestral piece was the overture to *The Flying Dutchman*, which we hope never to hear again, except, perhaps, as a prelude to the work which claims it as its own. The opera of *The Flying Dutchman* is full of interest. For an opera is made up of music and drama, and Wagner, as a dramatist, is always impressive. Even the music of the *Fliegende Holländer*, composed in what would now be called Wagner's “first manner,” is in many places beautiful, if only from its appropriateness to the dramatic situation. But the overture, taken by itself, is written in a sort of musical jargon not easy to understand, even with the help of interpreters, and which few, indeed, can like. A really fine piece of music, even if professedly descriptive music, ought to be admirable in itself apart from its outside significance, real or supposed. Now, the overture to *The Flying Dutchman*, besides being “full of sound and fury,” signifies absolutely “nothing” to those who do not listen to it programme in hand. With the aid, however, of a sworn dragoman, one finds out that this tale told by a man of genius has really a beginning, a middle, and (fortunately) an end. The stormy introduction, for instance, is, we are assured, followed by a “beautifully tender melodic phrase,” in which is to be heard the voice of an angel of mercy as, full of pity, she declares to the lost one his hope of salvation. This is found in the opera at the end of each verse of Senta's ballad in the second act. Lamentations now ring forth from the horns, while the trombones play a descending passage which occurs again in the first act, when the phantom ship reefs her red sails previous to anchoring upon the shore where her spectral voyage comes to an end. The “damnatory” motif is heard again, quickly followed by the principal phrase which accompanies the Dutchman's monologue in the first act, and may be looked upon as indicative of his presence. He now seems to speak for the first time, addressing himself to the wind as the confidant of his woes. The storm rages with redoubled force; in the face of its terrors and troubles he stands unmoved, longing for death to release him from his woes. After seventy bars of an extremely grand and phantastic forte, one hears drawing nearer and nearer one of those rhythmical cadences with which sailors are wont to accompany their manoeuvres, and which leads to a strongly marked jovial song of the crew of a ship innocently sailing in the ill-fated track of the Dutchman, without being aware of his proximity. Hoarsely roaring and boiling, the battle of the billows continues, while the Senta phrase, like an angel of light, persistently returns. The “damnatory” motif is heard again in its utmost intensity. The ship sails away over the waves, which forbear to harm her, till at last she is suddenly and violently driven upon the rocks. Silence ensues. Then, like barbed arrows, tempestuous passages of sevenths burst forth from the violins, and with a fresh rhythm the melody of the ballad is heard as a hymn of triumph accompanying the final apotheosis of the Dutchman, as, in company with his angel of deliverance, he rises from the sea and in glory ascends to heaven.

For this eloquent exposition of music, which cannot indeed speak for itself, a writer who signs “C. A. B.” is responsible.

Hubert Silber.

## IDEAS FOR OPERA LIBRETTO, MODERN STYLE.

(Translated from the German "Thu.")

The old rules and forms of art are no longer sufficient for present requirements. As far as the elastic qualities of these rules permitted, they have been expanded. Where this was not practicable they have been exploded by dynamic powders. "What makes noise, makes effect!" This keep in mind, young composer:

"This principle is the root of all,  
But many a one it brought to fall."

No composer will at the present day dream of writing an opera like the *Swiss Family*, because the public would exclaim, "Oh, that's flat, like Louisa's lemonade in *Cabale und Liebe*." It might perhaps be said that Weigl's music, in its idyllic sympathy, once delighted many hearts; but it must not be forgotten 'twas fifty years ago! Since then both "heart" and "feeling" have been set aside; "sensation," from beginning to end, is now the word, otherwise it will not do at the present day.

As an opera must have a title, so your endeavours must be to invent one which alone will make the blood freeze in every one's veins; call it—"Abdolar, the Bloody Knight; or, Monster, why Persecutest thou me?" As a matter of course, you make your libretto yourself, for it looks far more imposing when it is stated, on the bill, "Words and music by Stifellus." You describe your opera as "heroic, romantic," and might, perhaps, also call it a "Musical Drama," under which one may understand anything one likes. The number of acts you will have to regulate in accordance with the patience and endurance of your audience. You will begin your opera, not with an overture, for that is absurd, and can be done by anyone; you begin, as it is now customary, with an introduction, as it is only the object to remind the audience that the opera is about to commence. It does not matter much what you fiddle or blow; roam about in chromatic chords, which nobody understands, and growl away with the contra basso; the wisecracks will then say your music is deeply thoughtful. The last *souspir* of the introduction has expired on the piccolo-flute; the curtain rises. The stage represents a charming landscape, of which, however, nothing is to be seen, for it is a pitch dark night; this may be effectively represented by putting the lights out in the orchestra. By-and-by daybreak approaches, which you may musically express by a few shrieks of the first clarinet and oboe; this gives rise to the supposition that the geese and chickens think it is time to hold their *levée*. Gradually Nature becomes alive; in the distance one hears the beating of a blue frock coat (if no blue one is at hand, a black coat will do equally well); then a number of knights and troopers appear on the scene—if possible, on horseback; they sing a chorus, and make an infernal noise. To the orchestra you simply say, "Every voice, *laudamus te*." Now appears Abdolar, "the bloody knight," who, however, is as yet very tame. As he has nothing better to do, you may give him an aria, in which he expresses his intention to go to Palestine, where he will teach the Saracens "Who is who."

In the second act appears Irmentrant on the balcony. One hears the gentle waving of the zephyr, which you will express musically by sweeping a cow's tail over the kettledrum—although this idea is not quite new, since Berlioz in his *Requiem* already employs it, by using a sponge in similar manner. Irmentrant then, of course, sings of "love," which will cost you in the orchestra a good deal of "*Cor Inglese*," with additional seasoning of ardent, longing violoncello and languishing flute passages. Then Abdolar appears on the scene, and when there are two, the result is always a duet. He tells her in the *tonic* that he loves her; she afterwards tells him the same thing in the *dominant*; and, to avoid any mistake, they tell each other the same once more together. When this is worked up to the climax, Abdolar, entirely carried away by it, passionately exclaims, "All right," and "that'll do." After they have now loved enough and to spare, it is time that you bring contrast in the situation. This will be done by Abdolar's declaring that he must leave his Irmentrant. On hearing this, she gives a cry of pain, which may be expressed by the deep B flat of the bassoon. But this does not at all concern Abdolar; on the contrary, in the next recitative he simply mentions that he has already taken a Cook's Tourist Ticket, first class, for the Orient—*ergo*, that he cannot retract. It may be that there are short-sighted critics who will reproach you

with this being an anachronism, because there were no railroads, and much less were tourist tickets in existence. To such sticklers only reply that this is "poetical licence," which, as we all know, is very elastic. This recitative, however, you must turn out highly dramatic. If you cannot think of anything better, give the strings a good deal of tremolo; it is always effective, and, besides, it is cheap!

In the next act you will have to describe the journey of the brave Abdolar. There will be the sea, with the vessel which bears Abdolar and his retainers—all that furnishes you with splendid opportunities to show off your talent for tone-painting; and to prove that, you can use the orchestra as a sound-brush. Picture a storm—but no, that has been done already, has been used up by Rossini, in his *Guillaume Tell*. Better you choose an earthquake; such a one in the middle of the sea is something new. Of course the whole ship sinks, with men and mouse; you make thereby such noise with your music, that Weber's music to the *Wolfsaglen* is a cradle-song in comparison to it, and, in order to reach the highest climax, you arrange with the theatre machinist that, simultaneously with the fall of the curtain, after this highly dramatic act, the chandelier precipitates down into the parquet. By this you give yourself at the same time the air as if you understood something about the Grecian drama, where, as it is well known, the audience also took part in the dramatic action.

In the following act it must be made clear how Abdolar and his man have been saved by an obliging hippopotamus from this shipwreck. Then you bring a camp on the stage, but not the "Camp of Silesia," for that has been farmed long ago by Meyerbeer. Sound the war-trumpets. Abdolar hears them, but does not care for them; but at last he says to his man, "I feel so queer yet, after last night's potatoes, that to-day I shall not battle at all; but I tell you what—put on my suit of armour, and fight for me!" The man, in his stupidity, does so; he rashly goes in the middle of the fighting, where a chief of the Saracens plunges his sword in his breast, so that its point comes out of his back at the length of six yards. When Abdolar hears of this, he thinks, "I am glad that I was not of the party." He also finds that he requires change of air, and hastens, therefore, back to the arms of his Irmentrant, who, on seeing him, is startled, since she already mourned for him as dead. However, he explains to her that, like the man in the *Freischütz*, he was not at all at the bird-shooting. All is right; they get each other, and the opera is therefore at an end. Here, now, it would be quite in order to have a triumphal procession, with festival march, etc. The triumphal car, with Abdolar and Irmentrant, might be drawn by two hippopotami, and, should there be difficulties to get two such gentle creatures, it might be done by three.

Now I have only to draw the young composer's attention to the following: He may succeed to compose the opera according to all the present rules and want of form, but will he also succeed to get it performed? If you are not in possession of the "golden key," you will not succeed, still less as you are amongst the living. But perhaps you will find an obliging friend who, for a small consideration, will kill you, and thus help your opera to life!

A FREEMASON.

## To Dr Serpent.

DEAR PIECE OF HUMANITY,—The Theatre be blowed! —Also you wrote, in my room, an article, when I, with scorched liver and oppressed bacon, was attempting to manufacture another. Then spake you words (with triumphant aghwmlngtrzdwpnggrabouthess) which I still remember. Never mind;—as Mendelssohn said to Sterndale Bennett—"You have the ears of a serpent; come up-stairs and let me play you my Symphony again."\* And thus it was. So have I the ears of a serpent, and also the gastronomic juice and dentrifical collaboration (qxlmnpqzdbcfghijklmhpz) allowed for, all the attributes of a scolopendra without rattle. At the same time you ought not to have gone to the theatre. Yours, without caring a straw for anything.

138, Somewhere; November, Someday.

\* The Scotch, in A minor.

## Confabulations Confidential.



DR FOX.—By Abbs! that's a queer report.  
 DR GOOSE.—What?—about old Slimbottom?  
 DR FOX.—No—bother old Slimbottom!  
 DR GOOSE.—About what then?  
 DR FOX.—About C. Salaman.  
 DR GOOSE.—How about C. Salaman?  
 DR FOX.—He revises his "Admonition."  
 DR GOOSE.—You don't say!  
 DR FOX. (*loudly*).—I have said. By Abbs!—it wanted revision.  
 DR GOOSE.—By Adnan! it did.  
 DR FOX (*quietly*).—You hunt with the hounds this winter?  
 DR GOOSE (*undecidedly*).—Ye—s.  
 DR FOX (*stealthily*).—With harriers?  
 DR GOOSE.—No—with beagles. I stay a week with the Marquis d'Attrape-Renard, an enthusiast for the brush.  
 (*Exit Dr Fox, hurriedly. Dr Goose remains, astonished.*)

## TIETJENS IN ELIJAH.

(From the "Boston Transcript" of November 9.)

The production of *Elijah* by the Handel and Haydn Society on the occasion of the visit of Mdle Tietjens, as one of the greatest living interpreters of oratorio, to this city, will be a red-letter day in the annals of our Music Hall. The great *prima donna* sang in the double quartet with a due sense of the native dignity of her art, and made no effort to maintain more than her position as the leading voice of the eight; and yet her voice seemed almost to equal in volume the voices of all the rest. The same gracious reserve and absence of parade characterised her performances throughout. There was never any straining for effect or any eagerness to "bring down the house," and it is evident that, had the oratorio been one to better display the leading soprano than does *Elijah*, there would have been only the calm and entirely self-possessed pouring out of that matchless voice, too grand to require more than the chastest decoration of art, such as has been noted in her concert performances. In the dramatic passage, between the prophet and the widow, Mdle Tietjens' expressiveness of phrasing was most satisfyingly exhibited and quickly recognised by the audience. Another incident was the singing of the trio "Lift thine eyes," in which Tietjens, while again artistically refraining from concentrating attention on herself, made her full melodious and ringing voice bear up all the rest.

After the performance, Mdle Tietjens was awaited on by a number of gentlemen of the society in parlour No. 3, Revere House, who presented her with a magnificent silver epergne. Mdle Tietjens, in accepting the gift, spoke of the enjoyment she had felt at the manner in which the oratorio had been produced, and intimated her desire to sing in future concerts in Boston.

## MUSIC IN CALCUTTA.

(From our Correspondent.)

Miss Alice May has become the greatest favourite ever known here. She has excellent "notices" from every paper published in Calcutta; in fact, they have almost given up criticism in her case. The *Indian Statesman* says:—Criticism on Miss May's performances is apt to become monotonous, for, in simple justice, it has to consist of a continuous song of praise;" and *The Englishman* says—"As Elvira, Miss Alice May did the fullest justice to a part which contains some very difficult passages. Her singing was thoroughly artistic, and in her execution of some of the more florid parts she was really wonderful."—Apart from the interest felt in the company, there is considerable sympathy shown, in consequence of the "Corinthian" company being unable to carry out the contract made through their agent in Melbourne and Mr Allen. It appears that this gentleman and the directors do not agree in their views of the case, and the latter, therefore, repudiate the contract. After some law, it was found unadvisable to proceed, as the company "had no funds," and, therefore, Mr Allen had to take the theatre off their hands. However, it may turn out a better speculation for the management than had the contract been carried out; but it, nevertheless, warns all who are asked to visit India to be more than sure that the parties engaging are able to carry out their contract.

October 20th, 1875.

## MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr Hallé's last concert was in many respects interesting, though the promised appearance of Mdle Zaré Thalberg did not take place. The young lady had taken cold in Liverpool, and Mr Gye sent Mdle Bianchi and Mdle Ghioti to replace her. A "Suite" by Franz Lachner was the novelty of the evening. It was generally admired, and not least by those amateurs who are jealous of any departure from the traditions of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. Sterndale Bennett's delightful "Allegro gioioso" was splendidly played by Mr Hallé and the orchestra; and, in the second part, Mr Hallé was no less successful in a Nocturne and Polonaise by Chopin.

At Mr De Jong's concert, on Saturday, Mdme Nouver and Signor Foli were the singers, and the lady and gentleman both distinguished themselves. A flute solo by De Jong was enthusiastically encored. Among the orchestral selections were the overture to *Oberon* and Gounod's Funeral March of a Marionette.

At the Gentlemen's Concert, on Monday last, Mdme Esipoff appeared for the first time in Manchester, and played Rubinstein's 4th Concerto and Liszt's arrangement of Weber's Polonaise. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that the fair pianist achieved an unquestionable success, and the critics are unanimous in recognising the firmness of her touch, the brilliancy of her execution; and her originality was not less admired than her artistic conscientiousness. Haydn's letter T symphony, and Cherubini's overture to *Lodoiska*, were also in the programme. Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington sang a new scena, *Saffo*, by Randegger, with rare insight and admirable vocal skill. The scena itself was quite worthy of the fine interpretation. Mr Ed. Lloyd charmed the audience by his singing of a song from Loder's "Night Dancers," and he was no less successful in Bennett's beautiful air from *The Woman of Samaria*, "His salvation is nigh."

Mr Carl Rosa has been gleaming fame, if not gold, by the admirable performances of his opera company. *Fra Diavolo* has been the most effective of them, though *The Bohemian Girl*, we believe, drew the largest house. As yet Mr Rosa has given us no novelty; but *The Siege of Rochelle* and *Zampa* are promised. Mr Santley has appeared in *The Marriage of Figaro*, *The Trovatore*, and *Fra Diavolo*. Miss Gaylord has made a most favourable impression in *Fra Diavolo* and *The Bohemian Girl*, and Mdle Torriani and Miss Josephine Yorke are also valuable additions to the company.

*St Paul* will be given at Mr Hallé's concert this week. Mr Sims Reeves is engaged for the tenor music, and Mrs Osgood for the soprano solos.

November 24, 1875.



## WAIFS.

Civil cabmen, like the brave, best deserve the fare.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE POWER OF THE PRESS.—Cider.

CURIOUS GEOGRAPHICAL FACT.—Wales is at present in India.

Mr Gilbert's new fairy play will be brought out at the Court Theatre before Christmas.

Mr Henry S. Leigh is turning *La Chatte Blanche* into *The White Cat*, for the Queen's Theatre.

Mr J. P. Goldberg has been appointed a professor of singing, in the Royal Academy of Music.

The title of the new annual by the authors of *The Coming K—*, &c., will be *Edward the Seventh*.

Herr Schubert has left town to fulfil some engagements in Holland, Germany, and Brussels, &c., &c.

Mr J. H. Cowen has left London for Binacre Hall, Suffolk, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Dudley.

Mr Sothern is expected shortly to leave England, so as to reach New York in January, to fulfil a professional engagement.

The Bristol Musical Festival of 1876 has been fixed for October 16th, and following days. Mr Charles Hallé has accepted the conductorship.

The prospectus has been issued of a new Gaiety Theatre contemplated at the west-end of Brighton, for the production of opera-bouffe, ballet, and comedy.

M. Beer, formerly a music-publisher in New York, but resident for some years in Paris, has been made an officer of the Persian Order of the Lion and the Sun.

Ferdinand Hiller proposes to give, at the Gürzenich concerts, this season, Verdi's *Requiem*, Carissimi's *Jonah*, Bach's *Matthew Passion*, and Handel's *Alexander's Feast*.

A new drama by Mr Wilkie Collins will, it is said, shortly see the light at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. Miss Ada Cavendish will represent the heroine.

Up to the present time, the band-masters of the Italian army have been ranked as corporals. The Minister of war has announced his intention of giving them in future the grade of officers.

An old author quaintly remarks:—"Avoid arguments with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; and, when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up."

According to the *Voss'sche Zeitung* the luxurious Wahnfried Villa which R. Wagner erected at Bayreuth, to symbolise the peace (*Fried*) which he obtained on getting of his illusions (*Wahn*), is advertised for sale. The price asked is 15,000 thalers.

Balzac says that Parisian ladies have a genius for graceful walking, and seem to imprint in the fold of their robe the mould of their tiny feet. When an English or a German lady attempts this step, he states, "they have the air of a grenadier marching to attack a redoute."

M. Henri de Bornier, the successful author of the *Fille de Roland*, the play which is acted nearly every other night at the Théâtre Français, is a candidate for the seat left vacant in the French Academy, by M. de Rémusat's death. M. Jules Simon is also a candidate for the seat.

An engineer in Liverpool when going on board his steamer was accosted by a son of Erin's Isle, "Got all your hands engaged, sur?" "Well, no. What can you do?" "Sure, an' I can either trim or foire." "Have you ever been at sea before?" "D'ye think I came from Ireland in a cart?"

Some Milanese journals speak in enthusiastic terms of a new baritone singer, by name George Walker, Italianised into Giorgio Valcheri. They say that his voice is of extraordinary beauty, resonance, power, and compass, and that he sings and acts like an artist of the highest culture.

Investigation has shown that not only persons of great mental capacity, but also lunatics, occasionally possess brains which are considerably heavier than the average brains possessed by ordinary but sane people. Tell this to the man with a big hat when he next remarks upon the capacity of his head.

The *Morgen Post*, of Vienna, in their "Personal Nachrichten," says that their highly-esteemed countryman, Mr J. P. Goldberg, has just left Vienna for London, where he has been staying for a short time, on a visit to his aged mother, who had been suddenly taken seriously ill, but, we are glad to say, is now out of danger.

A new ballet entitled *India; or, the Prince of Wales's visit to our Eastern Empire*, is in preparation at the South London Palace of Amusement, and will shortly be produced on a scale of great magnificence.

John Bright makes the sweeping assertion that in mental power girls are not inferior to boys. There is room for discrimination here. Girls differ from boys as one star from another in glory; and it would be a mistake to say that the constellation Virgo is either inferior or superior in power to the constellation Aries.

Six busts of the finest white marble, representing the first six Roman Emperors, have been placed in the Louvre recently. They were discovered in Africa, and, although evidently many centuries old, they are as perfect as if chiselled yesterday. The modelling of the faces is said to be very fine, the profile of the Augustus especially so.

The police of San Francisco recently captured and locked up a Chinese theatre—actors, spectators and all—for violating a city ordinance which requires all places of amusement to close at 1 o'clock. The Chinese, for whose benefit the ordinance was particularly intended, disregarded it, and kept up the infernal tom-tom night after night until early morning.

*Spitz, Spitz, Spider, Crab*, is the title of the forthcoming pantomime at the Grecian Theatre. Mr George Conquest is to be the Crab. The famous pantomimist has, for something like eight months, turned his studies in the crab direction. He has made more than a dozen models, has passed a week in the Brighton Aquarium, and has listened to the sage counsel of Mr Frank Buckland.

We give the following exactly as we have received it:—"Sir, I have a hold dog that is worn out and I am going to have it destroyed but I wish to try an experiment upon it first Sir I wish to see how it would act upon rats when it was mad if you will oblige me by letting me know what will do it through your paper I should feel thankful."—If the society of such an amiable owner does not drive the poor dog mad, we do not know what would.

Mdlle Tietjens has been somewhat astonished at Americans, and especially disgusted with some of the critics. A few days after her arrival, says an exchange, she wanted to go home, and begged Mr Strakosch to release her from her engagement. And with good cause; for the present critics on the New York daily press seem unusually stupid. Thus: the *Times* man heard her sing the "Last Rose of Summer," and criticised it as "Home, sweet home."

The programme of competitions for the Great National Welsh Eisteddfod of 1876, at Wrexham, is now completed, and the adjudicators have all been selected and published. The programme embraces Welsh and English subjects in poetry, prose, translations (Welsh English, and Latin), music (vocal, instrumental, and composition), art, science, and history, and others, for which nearly £1000 is offered in prizes. An art exhibition on a large scale is being arranged to be held in connection with the Eisteddfod.

"At a swell-wedding lately in England," observes the *Chicago Tribune*, "the Ladies Gwendoline and Muriel Talbot wore mob-caps. The mob-cap is a loose bag of net, edged round with a broad frill, and tied between the frill and the crown with a gray ribbon, and having a bow in front. Our girls would call the mob-cap dowdy and trying, but, on a girl with any kind of a rolling eye, it wears a saucy and piquant expression. Ladies Gwendoline and Muriel may have looked cute and sweet in them, but not all the blue blood of all the Howards and Talbots combined can resuscitate the fashion of mob-caps, except for night furniture."

"As Vesta was descending," a very fine specimen of the madrigalian school, is remarkable for the admirable counterpoint in the development of the subject introduced with the words, "Longlive fair Oriana." This is taken up consecutively by second tenors, first sopranos, second sopranos, basses, first tenors, altos, when basses are heard singing the subject in notes eight times lengthened, with imitative points going on in the other parts. Further on, another effect is produced by basses giving subject four times lengthened. Thomas Weekes, Mus. Bac., Oxon., was organist of Winchester Cathedral, and afterwards held same post at Chichester.—T. DUFF SHORT.

Mdlle Victoria Bunsen was unanimously and deservedly recalled after Rossini's beautiful cavatina, "Oh, Patria" (*Tancredi*), at the last Crystal Palace Saturday Concert. The beautiful contralto voice of this young Swedish lady has greatly improved during the last year or two. She has just returned from a tour in her own country, where she has been serenaded and generally received as an artist worthy to maintain the credit already achieved by her compatriots. With the patriotism peculiar to the Swedes, Mdlle Bunsen's second contribution consisted of national melodies, when she was accompanied by her sister, Mdlle Felicia Bunsen, who is a talented and accomplished pianist.—*Court Circular*.

Charity should be blind to sectarianism.

M. Faure, entirely recovered from his long and severe indisposition, has made his re-appearance at the New Grand Opera, as Hamlet, the Ophelia being Mme Miolan Carvalho.—It is now decided that the performances of the "Théâtre-Lyrique" (so called) will be held at the Gaité, with M. Vinentini as manager and conductor—a position of no small responsibility.—The *Reformation Symphony* of Mendelssohn was the feature of M. Padeloup's last concert in the Cirque d'Hiver. It is curious that this great work—which, through some caprice of the orchestra, or conductor, or both, was, after more than one rehearsal, denied a hearing at the concerts of the Conservatoire, at the time of Mendelssohn's second visit to Paris—should now be so frequently performed, and so universally popular, in the French capital.

Seldom before in the memory of the present or any previous generation has there been such a combination of musical celebrities of the very highest character as there was at the Theatre Royal last evening to interpret the delightful and popular opera of *Trovatore*. Nilsson, *facile princeps*, the queen of *prima donnas*; Trebelli, the unapproached contralto; Brignoli, who has given his best days to the Americans, but is now declared to be the first living tenor, and, if second to any of the past, only to the divine Mario; and Gallasi, a magnificent baritone. The result was as might have been expected, the most crowded house ever known in the annals of the Theatre Royal. It is estimated that thousands were turned away from the doors, the house being completely jammed full at half-past seven o'clock.—*Irishman*, November 20th.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in talking of his political friends, says, "Holmes is so full that he can write at any time. Lowell broods over his subject for a time, and then composes with great swiftness. He does not like to write to order, though desirous of employing the stimulus of great occasions. We asked him to read a poem at Concord on the one hundredth anniversary of the fight, but he said he could not. His wife, a day or two before, wrote to me, saying, 'I cannot speak for James, yet I think you may expect a poem from him on the 19th. He has been going about for some time in that peculiar way which is promise of something,' and on the 19th Lowell was on the ground with his poem—and a grand one it was. Longfellow prepares his poems to be read on any great occasion, as a minister who lives near Boston prepares his sermon, nearly a year ahead. He wrote the poem read at Bowdoin College last summer early in the fall of the preceding year."

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The event of the ensuing week at the Alexandra Palace will be the celebration of the birthday of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, on Wednesday next, the 1st December. Amongst the special arrangements made for this occasion will be performances in the theatre, when Mr Toole will play his favourite parts in *Paul Pry* and the *Spitalfields Weaver*, supported by the members of the Gaiety Theatre Company. In the evening there will be a grand Promenade Concert, at which the band of the Grenadier Guards will unite with the company's orchestral band in rendering the Danish National Anthem, a march, composed for the occasion by Walberstadt, and the most successful pieces performed at the great Musical Jubilee, at Boston, in America. Mr Wilford Morgan and other popular vocalists will appear, and there will be an illumination of the Italian winter garden, with appropriate devices. The ordinary orchestral and organ performances will be continued daily. Buatier, the *prestidigitateur*, will repeat his performances; and, on Saturday, Handel's *Messiah* will be produced, under the superintendence of Mr H. Weist Hill, with a largely increased orchestra and chorus.

At the popular concert on Monday evening week, the lovers of Schumann's music were treated to the Quartet for stringed instruments in A major, second of the set of three quartets (Op. 41), which he dedicated, "*in inniger Verehrung*," to his friend, Mendelssohn. It is a beautiful, though somewhat unequal, work, and was admirably performed by MM. Strauss, Ries, Zerbini, and Daubert. The pianist was again Mad. Essipoff, who played Beethoven's sonata in D minor (the sonata with the recitatives), and joined MM. Strauss and Daubert in the B flat trio of Schubert, so much beloved by Schumann. Her great power of execution and delicacy of touch were especially manifested in the trio, of which she played her part admirably from beginning to end. The singer at this concert was Miss Helene Armin, who gave airs by Gluck (the irrepressible "*Che faro senza Euridice*"), Clara Schuman, and Schubert, with the best good taste; and the concert was brought cheerfully to an end with one of the merriest quartets of "Papa Haydn." Mr Arthur Chappell has also commenced his "Saturday Popular Concerts," which take place in the afternoon. A boon to residents in the suburbs, to whom late hours at night are materially inconvenient. The first and second were very successful.

A HANDICAP.—A capful of money.

Mr Arthur Sullivan has completed his orchestral arrangements for the Westminster Aquarium. His assistant conductor is to be Mr George Mount.

The New Series of Plays, under the direction of Mr Charles Wyndham, at the Crystal Palace, will commence on November 23rd. The plays, as at present arranged, are—Shakspeare's *Tempest* (with Sullivan's music), Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*, Sheridan's *Rivals*, G. W. Wills's *Man o' Airie*, Poole's *Paul Pry* (first time), Lovell's *Love's Sacrifice*, and Sophocles' *Antigone*, as adapted by Mr W. Bartholomew, with Mendelssohn's music.

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Come, gather sweetest flow'rs,  
And blithely trip along;  
We'll deck our fairy bow'rs,  
Then sing our flower-song.

The fragrant violet seek,  
But lightly, gently tread;  
This fragrant flow'ret meek  
Lies hid 'neath leafy bed.

Now cull the bright blue-bell,  
The snowdrop ne'er forget,  
Some grow in hollow dell,  
And some by rivulet.

Sweet flowers white or blue,  
Look meek, and so they give  
A lesson good and true,  
The loveliest way to live.

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